





# THE HERALD.

JNO. P. BARRETT, )  
CICERO T. SUTTON, ) EDITORS  
WEDNESDAY, AUGUST 2, 1882.

## Democratic Ticket.

FOR JUDGE SUPERIOR COURT,  
HON. JAMES H. BOWDEN,  
OF LOGAN COUNTY.

FOR COUNTY JUDGE  
C. W. MASSIE.

FOR COUNTY CLERK  
THOMAS J. SMITH.  
FOR COUNTY ATTORNEY  
HERBERT B. KINSOLVING.

FOR SHERIFF  
THOMAS S. TAYLOR.

FOR JAILER  
JOHN MIDKIFF.

FOR ASSESSOR  
JOHN W. MOSELEY.

FOR SURVEYOR  
ELIJAH P. BARNETT.  
FOR CORONER  
THOMAS H. BOSWELL.

## Republican Ticket.

COUNTY JUDGE  
CAPT. DAVID DUNCAN.  
COUNTY CLERK  
L. T. COX.

COUNTY ATTORNEY  
C. M. PENDLETON.

SHERIFF  
D. L. SMITH.

JAILER  
THOMAS R. BISHOP.

ASSESSOR  
THOMAS R. BISHOP.  
SURVEYOR  
G. SMITH FITZHUGH.

CORONER  
REAS CHAPMAN.

JOHN TURNER, a negro was hanged at Lexington Friday, for the murder of Abner, another negro for abusing Turner's mother.

By reference to our announcement column our readers will find Hon. E. Dudley Walker announced as a candidate for Congress in this district. Mr. Walker is too well known throughout this county, for us to attempt any eulogy as to his qualifications.—*Month County News.*

JUDGE HATSELL and Hon. C. V. McElroy of Warren county, were both Democratic candidates for Congress, and the party becoming divided McElroy withdrew. The Democracy of Warren county, and the third district should remember him for this. He is one of the brightest young men the State affords as well as one of the truest Democrats, and his constituents will reward him some day. He deserves it.

CAPT. W. S. STONE, the efficient warden of the penitentiary, has resigned his place, his resignation to take effect on the 1st day of September. He will return to Owensboro and engage in the distillery business with the Mattingly's, having engaged one of the distilleries and an interest in both of them. Capt. Stone has been warden over two years, has faithfully and efficiently discharged the duties of his office, and made many friends in our community, who will part with him with regret.—*Yonkers.*

CONSIDERABLE fuss is being made in the Republican ranks about former party affiliations of Democratic candidates, but they seem to forget that some of their own men have not been always firm in the party faith. Take their candidate for Surveyor, who is he? What is he? He is Mr. G. Smith Fitzhugh. So far so good. But to go to it should go no farther. But it shall go. So here goes. Until two years ago Mr. G. Smith Fitzhugh was a Democrat, and acted in everything with that party. He was an intense Democrat. He was so Democratic that the air was almost blue about him. The Democrats honored him with the office of Surveyor, the only position he ever asked of them. In 1880 an Irish fellow named him to be clerk of the Circuit Court. He ran through and was beaten 1570 votes. That was small, but an independent could have expected nothing better that year. Since then he has, we believe, been a Greenbacker until the Republican convention last spring, when they gave him the nomination for Surveyor. We suppose he is as enthusiastic a Republican now as he has heretofore been a Democrat and Greenbacker. What is the object of such nominations? They cannot be called partisan nominations. They are made in order to catch the largest possible vote. There is nothing partisan about it. Votes are wanted, and that is the way the bids are made. A union of elements which are not compatible but which can be kept together until after the election is what the Republicans reach for in making nominations. They manufacture a party every time they hold a convention, and this Mr. G. Smith Fitzhugh is their latest job. They are getting his eyes to see that they are the only new Republican monkey uses to get his constituents out of the fire. When they are burned they will know it, and then will scratch at their friends because they were not warned in time.

We learn from the Owensboro Messenger that Nellie Burlin, a low woman was accidentally shot and killed by Ben Rosenthal, a tree barker. They were playing with a pistol and it went off.

We have been favored with a complimentary ticket to the meeting of the Paducah Racing Association, which is held August 15th, 16th and 17th on the grounds of the Association at Paducah. Much sport of a very high order is promised all who attend and the stars will embrace some noted horses.

THE machinists finding that the colored vote was mostly, sought to solidify them by getting Clay Kennedy, of color, on the track for town marshal, but finding it was playing havoc with their ducks in the county, the chief engineer told Clay he must come off, but Clay says he won't, and thus they have it.

THE Courier-Journal, on Thursday of last week, had a full page telegraphic report of the musical festival at Bayreuth, Bavaria, at which was produced Wagner's "Parsifal," the grandest opera ever yet given to the world. It is said to be magnificent beyond comparison, and to impress the beholder with the idea that it is nothing short of inspiration. The enterprise of the Courier-Journal is phenomenal in the degree and shows what a newspaper must do to keep up with the demands of the public.

THIS is the last issue of the HERALD before the election and we desire to say a word or two in reference to our course in a certain disagreeable matter with which we have been forced to deal during the past few months. What we shall say shall be said in all kindness, for we have no bitter feeling for the strongest adversary, if he will fight us openly and uprightly. This, so far as we know, has been done and consequently we bear no malice to anyone. We have been antagonized, as much by our friends as by our enemies, but almost all have gone about their position temperately and we admire them for defending what they deemed to be the right and we humbly hope all have at least conceded our right to think and act for ourselves. In the beginning of Henry's candidacy, even before the opposition had sprung into being, we predicted that the nomination would be an unfortunate one, and our prediction was based on evidence that was too strong to be controverted. Is there one now who will say that that prediction was not correct? Have not the subsequent facts borne us out in it? Has not the nomination proven unfortunate? If a divided party is not an unfortunate thing we should have to have fortune for a godmother. We have in every instance sought to treat both sides fairly and candidly, and it is not to be expected of human nature that it will not lean a little toward itself. Notwithstanding this propensity to lean, we claim that we have stood as nearly perpendicular as it is possible for human beings in a land of prejudice to stand.

We speak of the three sides of the question. The three sides are the Bourbon side, of which Henry and his candidacy are the figure-heads, the Jacob side, which has for its foundation the alleged proscription of the Union Soldiers, and the side of morality, politics and individual, which we claim, and think have proven, has been insulted by Henry's nomination and candidacy. At least one political moral has been touched and we are certainly no more sensitive than many other of the most unfeeling Democrats the State can afford. We assumed the position deliberately and after assuming it, defended with all the ability we possessed. We thought we were right and still think so, and shall always think so, for the evidence is all in. We were cautioned in the beginning that we were on the unpopular side of a deep question and that it would injure our patronage. Our reply was that we were not actuated in our course by the selfish question of dollars and cents, but by an earnest, honest conviction of the right and a sense of what was due from us as true Democrats to the party to whose principles we are so warmly attached. Patrons, indeed! The man who would advocate a cause he knew to be wrong for the sake of the regard of the misguided populace, would defraud his blind brother out of his birthright or do anything else in the catalogue of petty meanness. We stand where we do on conviction and our friends or enemies who are just cannot find it in their hearts to despise us for the fight we have made. It certainly cannot be charged on us that we fought for gain for we went into the fight with our eyes open and with a resolve to meet the worst that could happen if it amounted to the extreme of taking the bread from our mouths, and from the mouths of those dependent upon us. It is our belief that our course is appreciated, and we shall feel an unbounded pride if the fight we have been engaged in will serve to make the party more careful of the men it nominates and the measures it advances in the future. We are for the party first, last and all the time, but we are not for its bad men. Give us good men and we are on the battlefield to win or die, but give us bad men and we will never draw a blade. As long as the party is pure we shall stand by it, but when it becomes corrupt we shall desert it. We don't desire to remain on a ship that is going down and we will not do it when there is a chance for life. If we die it shall be in the attempt to save others, not in the vain glory of dying such a death. We now bid farewell to the subject and hope never to be called on to mention Capt. Henry's name, except as a mere matter of news, and that only in giving the figures of the majority he will get on the 7th of August. We have turned our backs on the subject and shall now go to work for the welfare of our people, as we have always done or employed to do heretofore.

The Hartford Herald, hard up for an item, tries to palm off upon its readers a story about two of its printers being robbed of \$50 and a pistol while asleep in their bedroom, last Sunday night. That may wash with Ohio county innocents, but it won't over here. Who ever heard of two printers, or editors either, having as much as \$50 laid out in a time, and one Sunday night, too? We might believe the pistol part of the story, but the \$50 section will not go down.—*Owensboro Messenger.*

ONLY five days till the election and then all will be over. The Democratic nominees have, we believe, made a thorough canvass, but this is no time for idleness. Every man on the ticket should do double the work he has ever done in the same length of time before, and each one should have his friends out and working the same way. Working committees should be organized in every precinct and plans laid and carried out as will be for the best interest of the party. Let every man regard it as his duty to support his county ticket and not only support it with his vote but with his influence and his work. Let all things be done, decently and in order, too. We would rather see the last nominee of the party defeated than that they should be elected by any foul means. With proper work and care victory is certainly and honorably ours. If we cannot help it. There is not, so far as we know, a faint-hearted Democrat in the party in the county; all are sanguine of success. But they should not be too sanguine. Cold blooded illness may be subtle. We would not risk it. The risk will too great. Each man owes the party something. He owes it his vote and his labor. He should pay the debt. If he does not he is not entitled to the respect of the party, and should be ignored by the party.

It is not our fight, but we conceive it to be a duty Republicans owe themselves to stand up for Westbrock if they vote at all. They have no nominee for jailer, the nominee having been forced off the track by the bosses; Westbrock is a staunch Republican of the old school; Bean has asserted his affiliation with the Republican party and has again denied it, which proves that he is anything for office. To vote for a member of your party when you have no nominee is all right, when to vote for any other when you have a candidate is treason. You have a candidate and if you refuse to vote for him you are not treating your party right. You are showing no disposition to reward faithful party servants, but on the other hand you are going off to vote for a man to whom you owe nothing and who will leave you in the lurch when offered a convenient opportunity offers. A vote for Westbrock is a vote for Republicanism, and a vote for Bean is a vote for the trickery by which he holds his claim on your suffrage. Of course it is to the interest of the Democratic party and its nominee for jailer for Republicans to cast their vote for Westbrock instead of Bean, but we have left that consideration out of the question and speak of it and look at it from a Republican standpoint. We recognize the fact that a vote for Westbrock is a half a vote for Midkiff, but we would ask you, what is a whole vote for Bean? Is it a vote to confirm the sale of your freedom as voters. Will you so vote? Do you intend for your votes to be made merchandise of after that style? You condemn a man who sells his individual vote, now we want to ask you what you will do with a man who sells 1,500 votes, his own along with the rest? That is just what the bosses have done. Will you endorse their action?

PREACHER BEAN, former candidate for jailer, accused us thusly on the street last week: "Say, the Democrats all over the county are given you Hail Columbia about that piece." What piece, Mr. Bean? "Where you sail into the combination between me and the Republicans. It is going to injure you greatly." We are not afraid, Mr. Bean. We want just such Hail Columbia seven days in the week, fifty-two weeks in the year. We like it. We want some more of it. When we want a thing we want it as bad as anybody and we are going to have it. And we are going to have it just this way: We are going to talk about the combination by which Mr. Keown, one of the purest and most worthy men on the track, was forced off to consummate the bargain between the Republican bosses and Mr. Bean who has the Greenback party in his pocket with his tobacco. We are against combinations. We believe they are all wrong. When we see one we get wrath. We want to smash it and carry it out on a chip, the nasty crawling worm. We hate Democratic combinations and would vote to defeat one if made with the Greenback party that has shown itself so ready to coalesce with everything for power. Uncle John Midkiff is a sterling old Democrat, while Brother Bean is a nonescript. If he ever had any political principles he has prostituted them to the unholy lust for office which is late seems to be a chief characteristic. Of the two, it seems to us that the least objectionable to Republicans would be Midkiff. He is honest and you could know what to expect of him. Bean is wavering and *non grata*. Hail Columbia, Mr. Bean! Every Democrat in the county will endorse our condemnation of the combination, and enough good Republicans and Greenbackers are going to do the same thing to set you forever in the shade, politically. Hail Columbia, Mr. Bean!

It's a source of wonder to us how those Republicans who have been crying "corruption," "bargain and sale," "corrupt combination" and many other things about Tom Henry are going to find it in their hearts to support Bean for jailer when he is a party to the same kind of a combination for which they have been castigating Tom Henry so severely. The same to the Greenbackers who have done the same thing. If a thing is wrong in your neighbor it is wrong in yourself. It was wrong for Tom Henry to sell out, it was wrong for the Republicans to sell out for Greenback votes. He was

sold out. It cannot be nor is not denied. By the terms of the sale Bean is to have an office, in return for which the Greenbackers are in the main to support the rest of the Republican ticket. What is that but a sale? It is a bargain. It is corruption. It is intrigue. It is everything with which they have charged Tom Henry except his individual immorality. Mr. Bean is a man of whom we have never heard one harmful word. But he is itching for office. It will appear to him after the election that he has scratched where it didn't itch. He has put on the wrong kind of ointment. He may get well now. It is to be hoped he will. If he don't one thing is certain—he will not scratch in public any more. Not by transferring the Greenback vote to the Republicans. They will not stand it and the Reverend gentleman is not strong enough to knock them down and drag them into it. The two parties are still crying out, "stop, thief!" to the Henry Democrats, when they have some of the same goods stolen from another house. Pretty slight, isn't it? Man riding stolen horse tries to arrest another horse thief. The thing will not work. Mr. Bean is a good man and all that, but oh, Lord, in what company is he found! We feel like offering a political prayer for his soul. It is useless to pray for his body. That is gone with his breeches to the Republicans, and that in a Greenbacker is the sin against the holy ghost about which we have heard the eloquent gentleman discourse and which can never be pardoned. We mourn for him as for one dead. He is gone for strange gods. He shall come again into his own and his own shall know him at last. To this complexion has it come at last. We repeat—Republicans and Greenbackers, who have joined in the cry against Henry, how are you going to support Bean? Think of it. He has often preached to you of Esau who sold his birthright for a mess of pottage. He has done the same thing. And more. He has sold your suffrage and only awaits your sanction of the bargain. Will you sanction it? It is not believed that you will.

IN THE HERALD last week appeared an article under the signature of "Anti-Tax," in which the writer aimed to controvert our arguments of the week previous in regard to the increase of two per cent. in the school tax for the purpose of equalizing the white and colored school fund of the State. We have the highest respect for the writer as a gentleman, but we believe that just such citizens have kept Kentucky so far behind in the race for progress with her sisters of the North who are her near neighbors. The bugaboo of taxation is the greatest known terror to the ancient Kentuckian and he seems to think that every cent he pays as taxes is a public investment which if judiciously handled, is bound to bring forth fruit in time. No State can expect to prosper if its citizens are not enlightened and made capable of discharging their duties as citizens. Tax education cannot be vouchsafed to the masses save through free schools. Free schools must be sustained by taxation. Taxation, then, is necessary to enlightenment. Enlightenment is necessary to the State. Taxation is necessary and every citizen should cheerfully submit to it, may, clamor for its increase if the public interest demands it. Our school system is a failure on account of lack of funds. This tax-bearing sentiment is responsible for the condition of things and the fossiliferous development of the State. Look at Ohio, Indiana and Illinois. They are not afraid of school-tax, or any other tax they are satisfied will pay a per cent. in money or something else on the amount invested. They have a much better school system than ours. They are a half century ahead of us in every way. And they will continue to be so as long as the idea prevails that all taxation is an evil that should be forever wiped out and avoided, no difference what the object of such taxation is. There was never a dollar of taxes paid for educational purposes that did not bring four fold to the advantage of the State. We are opposed to any increase of taxes whatever, for increased expenditures in running the machinery of State or any other of the many objects on which money is frittered away by our legislators, but there was never yet a tax for educational purposes sufficiently large enough to deter us from its cheerful support. Each individual owes the State the same duty that he owes himself, because he is a part of the State, and it is, as we have said before, a necessity to the State that the body of her children be educated. Down with the deceitful cry of "No Taxes." If we owe the State anything let us pay it, for in paying the State we are paying ourselves. Until old fogeyism and fossilism are killed out by being forced to pay a few cents taxes we shall never amount to anything under the sun. Every man, Democrat or Republican, should vote for the two cents tax. If it is not done our school system shall be destroyed. This would gratify the enemies of progress, but we cannot afford to gratify them at such fearful cost. The negroes will demand and obtain admission to our public schools if we do not equalize the fund. Everyone knows what the result would be. Race prejudice is yet too strong to permit of such a thing and every school house would be forthwith closed. Vote for the two-cent tax.

AN Unnatural Coalition.

It has been said that "politics make strange bed-fellows," and never have we seen it more forcibly illustrated than in the recent trade of the machinists of the Republican and Greenback parties. Never were two political parties more directly opposed to each other in principle than these two. Every bit of legislation in regard to the finances of the country, of which the Greenbackers have complained, has been the offspring of a Republican Congress. Yet for the purpose of trying to elect a pair of their county ticket, a few men have assumed to dictate to these two parties and say to them that you must and shall vote for this ticket that we have fixed up. They conceived it necessary to any chance of success on their part that a trade must be made and with a heroism worthy a better cause, the machinists of the Republican party say to Mr. Keown, you must step down and out, and to the masses of the Republican party, you must vote for Gabriel J. Bean in return for the aid and comfort he has vouchsafed unto us. And all this, in the face of the facts that Mr. Bean says publicly on the streets of Hartford, that he is no Republican and has no affiliation with them.

We will wait and see if the Republican can be lured like "dumb driven cattle" by the few who assume to run the Republican party in Ohio county. Will the Greenbackers of Ohio county, who have and can have no cause for affiliation with the Republicans for the mere promise of "a mess of pottage," permit themselves to be thus sacrificed upon the altar of the Republican party? The report circulated by the machinists of the Republican party of Ohio county that the candidacy of Mr. C. W. Westbrock is a Democratic trick, is the most foolish. Many Republicans of Ohio county, who are such from principle, would not consent to the sell-out and have announced their intention of voting for that sterling old man, John Midkiff, for jailer. To counteract this and to divert their voters, the candidacy of Westbrock was concocted. It is a holy horror the machinists hold up their hands and say, that is a Democratic trick. It was as much a Democratic trick, and no more, than was the forced retirement of Keown for jailer, and of Stevens Greenback candidate for Assessor.

Democrats, stand firm, let there be no swapping and trading of votes. We are aware that in portions of the county the Republicans will endeavor to gain advantage for some of their candidates by trading. Let the Democrats stand firm, vote the full ticket without scratching and we will elect the whole county ticket.

Ta. Ta, Tom Henry.

Here now, for good and forever, we bid farewell to Tom Henry as a candidate for Clerk of the Court of Appeals. Probably there was never a candidate before who gave so great and general dissatisfaction to his party in this or any other State. His opponents in the party, however, have been in general, comparatively quiet, preferring to let the man go in because he was the reputed nominee of the Democratic convention, than to cause his defeat by what had been renounced allegiance to the party, and was running on a heretical platform of sectionalism and proscription. They have been silent because they thought by that silence the could show their disapprobation of the man who had thrust himself forward as a party leader as well as to be more belligerent in their opposition. This class will be silent and non-active at the polls, and they more than any other, will have the effect of weakening Henry's majority. Others have thought the offense of nominating such a man in such a manner was more than they could stand, and think any heresy less damnable than the support of such a man as the pseudo-Democratic nominee for Clerk of the Court of Appeals, and will, therefore, vote for Jacob. Others still will vote for Jacob because he is a Union Democrat, but the number, though respectable, is not large. By far the greater portion of the dissatisfied Democrats will not vote next Monday, and perhaps it is better so. It is disagreeable to the Democrat who has the party interest deeply at heart, to face the fact that the State ticket has no name on it worthy of support, but such, may regard as a fact, and it cannot be helped.

Perhaps it may be well to review the

Democrats.

We Will See.

We will see whether the bulk of the honest Republican voters can be transferred to the support of Brother Bean, by the wire working of half a dozen or less politicians around the county seat. Many, very many, honest conscientious Republicans are going to assert their individual manhood by voting for Uncle John Midkiff. Uncle John stands square.

"Rally Round the Flag Boys."

One more to the breach dear friends. This is our last issue before the election. We want to say to the Democrats of Ohio county once more that we have a county ticket composed of gentlemen of integrity and qualifications, and worthy of the support of the people. We want to say further that we have the votes, and if the Democratic voters of Ohio county will turn out next Monday, we will beat the Radical-Greenback combination out of sight. Democrats, to your colors! Turn out to the election, and see to it that your neighbor attends and casts his ballot in favor of the county ticket from Massie for County Judge to Boswell for Coroner. Go to the election, and take your Democratic neighbor.

An Unnatural Coalition.

It has been said that "politics make strange bed-fellows," and never have we seen it more forcibly illustrated than in the recent trade of the machinists of the Republican and Greenback parties. Never were two political parties more directly opposed to each other in principle than these two. Every bit of legislation in regard to the finances of the country, of which the Greenbackers have complained, has been the offspring of a Republican Congress. Yet for the purpose of trying to elect a pair of their county ticket, a few men have assumed to dictate to these two parties and say to them that you must and shall vote for this ticket that we have fixed up. They conceived it necessary to any chance of success on their part that a trade must be made and with a heroism worthy a better cause, the machinists of the Republican party say to Mr. Keown, you must step down and out, and to the masses of the Republican party, you must vote for Gabriel J. Bean in return for the aid and comfort he has vouchsafed unto us. And all this, in the face of the facts that Mr. Bean says publicly on the streets of Hartford, that he is no Republican and has no affiliation with them.

We will wait and see if the Republican can be lured like "dumb driven cattle" by the few who assume to run the Republican party in Ohio county. Will the Greenbackers of Ohio county, who have and can have no cause for affiliation with the Republicans for the mere promise of "a mess of pottage," permit themselves to be thus sacrificed upon the altar of the Republican party? The report circulated by the machinists of the Republican party of Ohio county that the candidacy of Mr. C. W. Westbrock is a Democratic trick, is the most foolish. Many Republicans of Ohio county, who are such from principle, would not consent to the sell-out and have announced their intention of voting for that sterling old man, John Midkiff, for jailer. To counteract this and to divert their voters, the candidacy of Westbrock was concocted. It is a holy horror the machinists hold up their hands and say, that is a Democratic trick. It was as much a Democratic trick, and no more, than was the forced retirement of Keown for jailer, and of Stevens Greenback candidate for Assessor.

Democrats, stand firm, let there be no swapping and trading of votes. We are aware that in portions of the county the Republicans will endeavor to gain advantage for some of their candidates by trading. Let the Democrats stand firm, vote the full ticket without scratching and we will elect the whole county ticket.

Ta. Ta, Tom Henry.

Here now, for good and forever, we bid farewell to Tom Henry as a candidate for Clerk of the Court of Appeals. Probably there was never a candidate before who gave so great and general dissatisfaction to his party in this or any other State. His opponents in the party, however, have been in general, comparatively quiet, preferring to let the man go in because he was the reputed nominee of the Democratic convention, than to cause his defeat by what had been renounced allegiance to the party, and was running on a heretical platform of sectionalism and proscription. They have been silent because they thought by that silence the could show their disapprobation of the man who had thrust himself forward as a party leader as well as to be more belligerent in their opposition. This class will be silent and non-active at the polls, and they more than any other, will have the effect of weakening Henry's majority. Others have thought the offense of nominating such a man in such a manner was more than they could stand, and think any heresy less damnable than the support of such a man as the pseudo-Democratic nominee for Clerk of the Court of Appeals, and will, therefore, vote for Jacob. Others still will vote for Jacob because he is a Union Democrat, but the number, though respectable, is not large. By far the greater portion of the dissatisfied Democrats will not vote next Monday, and perhaps it is better so. It is disagreeable to the Democrat who has the party interest deeply at heart, to face the fact that the State ticket has no name on it worthy of support, but such, may regard as a fact, and it cannot be helped.

Perhaps it may be well to review the

whole affair. It being necessary to elect a Clerk of the Court of Appeals on the 7th day of August, 1882, and the fact becoming known, nearly twenty men in various parts of the State offered as candidates. A convention was ordered by the authorities for the purpose of selecting a candidate for the party. The convention met at Frankfort according to the call, and by a corrupt and reprehensible combination of forces, by a consideration of money, in other words actual purchase and transfer of the strength of the party for personal aggrandizement, Capt. T. J. Henry was declared to be the nominee. At the convention Col. Jas. H. McHenry of Owensboro witnessed the movements of the contestants and foreseeing the results, withdrew from the convention, and forthwith called on the union soldiers of the State to rise and put down the proscription that had kept them out of office since the war. The result of that withdrawal was the birth of the Union Democratic party and the nomination of Jacob as a part of it. It is something grander, more glorious, as the morning sun is brighter than the sunset, candle in the sick chamber. The Church, the Bible and Theology are confounded with Religion. They have nothing to do with it. Religion is the state of man's soul, its disposition and conduct. Neither church, nor book, nor theology are of value save as educating instruments. They have no sacredness of their own. They are mere servants. Man alone, has an inherent sanctity. Churches are permitting greater liberty in thought in the ministry than ever before. This is not because of laxity of discipline, but because of a growing conviction that great-heartedness is more akin to the Gospel spirit than dogma or doctrine. We are passing out of the age when churches are revered as divine by an ordinance of God. They have grown up from the necessities of human nature seeking moral elevation but not as instruments of divine power to thwart the growth of reason and subjugate all independent thought and the noble man more mechanical. Followers of the dead and forgotten past. There is no necessity for the church. It is merely an aid to society in the promulgation of its principles. It has been a powerful aid, but not by any divine interposition. God never wrote a book or caused one to be written. The writers of the scriptures were as much inspired as any other writer may be, and a great many enormous things may have crept into their writings through lack of knowledge or the wrong use of it, and in many other ways. Religion has much to hope for and old theology much to fear from science. It makes no difference to the former if the universe was created in six days or six million ages, while to the latter such statements are in all of its existence. Science and religion are incompatible. Science and religion may go hand in hand throughout the universe and never find a fault. Religion is for man. Theology ought to be revised.

Such are a few of the ideas evolved from and suggested by Beecher's exceedingly able article in the North American Review. That they are objectionable to the masses of the religionists of the country is taken as a matter of course. Reform in everything is objected to at all times. Yet reformation is a demonstrated necessity at this time, therefore it must succeed, and it ultimately do so. Fifty years from now the people will see as Beecher now sees, and other Beechers will arise who shall be as far ahead of the sentiment of their time as Henry Ward Beecher is ahead of that of to-day. Theology wants to be unchangeable, and that desire is to be the death of it. Progress is the demand of the age, and if theology will not accommodate itself to human necessities human nature will get along without it. As well tell us to live with the conveniences of life as they existed two thousand years ago as to require us to formulate our lives by a theology concocted at the same period and since unchanged.

Progressive Theology.

Rev. Henry Ward Beecher, in an article in the August number of the North American Review, departs so far from what has hitherto been regarded as orthodox christianity that his article and his views therein expressed demand more than a passing notice. He has long been identified with all that was liberal and progressive in the christian world, and while his personal record is not such as we would hold up for emulation, his positions are always well chosen and his arguments in defense of them at times well high in the scale. The christianity of Beecher, as expressed in his article in the Review, we think, destined to become the christianity of the world. In it everything that is dark is laid aside as useless, everything impossible is at least questioned, everything impossible is thrown out, no difference where it is found, in the Bible or anywhere else. Beecher claims that many such things are found in the Bible. He does not seem able to grasp the idea of eternal punishment as being possible, for, says he, "No ingenuity or eloquence can persuade me that a God who for ten thousand years has labored to produce an infinite population of damnable souls, can by decency be called our father." He does not believe that the God of the Universe is such a God, but believes him to be a being wholly of love, of mercy and of truth. Theology, he says, has used every effort in its power to suppress reason, it has degraded Nature and made it a by-word, and has taught that to lean upon reason was a sin and a snare, and a work and a will of the devil. The scriptures have no perfection in themselves. They have no authority save they concur with educated human reason and a rational moral sense. On any other supposition the church becomes a mere superstition, the Bible an idol, and priests and preachers the despotic interpreters of its meaning. In an important sense the scriptures are of God. They contain precious truths, but they are not wholly of God. Did God sit down and write the Bible? or did he whisper the contents of the book into the ears of men who thus became merely mechanical reporters? He would also like to

know if God has been doing anything for the past two thousand years, since the completion of the scriptures, worth men's while to know? This constitutes a strong argument against the orthodox belief regarding the inspiration and sacred character of the scriptures. Why, asks the inquirer, do we not hear from the counts above in these days, when men are more enlightened and thus more capable of receiving and understanding the orders and desires of the powers in the clouds? No. Theology cannot afford to have revelations in these days. Their source would be hunted up and the revelations themselves exploded. God is wider than any creed. He is higher than any doctrine. Infidelity, if it do not extend to atheism, is better than creeds, because it is a revolt from creeds which tend to destroy the true attributes of God and supplant them by their own assumed authority. A man denies the Bible. He is called an infidel. As far as that is concerned, he is. But that is not all. Religion is not the Bible, only a part of it. It is something grander, more glorious, as the morning sun is brighter than the sunset, candle in the sick chamber. The Church, the Bible and Theology are confounded with Religion. They have nothing to do with it. Religion is the state of man's soul, its disposition and conduct. Neither church, nor book, nor theology are of value save as educating instruments. They have no sacredness of their own. They are mere servants. Man alone, has an inherent sanctity. Churches are permitting greater liberty in thought in the ministry than ever before. This is not because of laxity of discipline, but because of a growing conviction that great-heartedness is more akin to the Gospel spirit than dogma or doctrine. We are passing out of the age when churches are revered as divine by an ordinance of God. They have grown up from the necessities of human nature seeking moral elevation but not as instruments of divine power to thwart the growth of reason and subjugate all independent thought and the noble man more mechanical. Followers of the dead and forgotten past. There is no necessity for the church. It is merely an aid to society in the promulgation of its principles. It has been a powerful aid, but not by any divine interposition. God never wrote a book or caused one to be written. The writers of the scriptures were as much inspired as any other writer may be, and a great many enormous things may have crept into their writings through lack of knowledge or the wrong use of it, and in many other ways. Religion has much to hope for and old theology much to fear from science. It makes no difference to the former if the universe was created in six days or six million ages, while to the latter such statements are in all of its existence. Science and religion are incompatible. Science and religion may go hand in hand throughout the universe and never find a fault. Religion is for man. Theology ought to be revised.

Such are a few of the ideas evolved from and suggested by Beecher's exceedingly able article in the North American Review. That they are objectionable to the masses of the religionists of the country is taken as a matter of course. Reform in everything is objected to at all times. Yet reformation is a demonstrated necessity at this time, therefore it must succeed, and it ultimately do so. Fifty years from now the people will see as Beecher now sees, and other Beechers will arise who shall be as far ahead of the sentiment of their time as Henry Ward Beecher is ahead of that of to-day. Theology wants to be unchangeable, and that desire is to be the death of it. Progress is the demand of the age, and if theology will not accommodate itself to human necessities human nature will get along without it. As well tell us to live with the conveniences of life as they existed two thousand years ago as to require us to formulate our lives by a theology concocted at the same period and since unchanged.

The Situation in the Fourth Congressional District.

"How is the Congressional race progressing in the Fourth District?" questioned a *Washington* reporter last night of a Marion county politician. "It is not a thoroughbred contest, but there is a good deal of interest awakened."

Who are the candidates?

"They are Thos. A. Robertson, of LaRue, E. Dudley Walker, of Ohio, W. O. Cunningham, of Washington, and Dr. S. M. Hobbs, of Bullitt. E. Butler of Brandenburg, Meade county, is on the track, but he withdrew about a week ago. He is a very capable man, and the convention would come about the time of Circuit Court, and that he had no time to make the canvass."

"Well, it is badly mixed up. Cunningham will carry Washington county, his home, but I don't think he has any particular strength elsewhere. Walker I believe will carry Ohio and Grayson. He is very confident also of having Meade and Breckinridge on his side. Dr. Hobbs, of course, will get Bullitt's vote, but not what he will do elsewhere. Robertson will get LaRue, Marion and Nelson, and in the event of Cunningham being dropped, he is likely to secure very early he seems to have the best chance for Washington, although Walker claims to have a good following there. When Hobbs is elected, Walker says Bullitt will go to him."

"That leaves the race—?"

"Between Walker and Robertson. It has not been like that since the day of the nominees. The county is a neighbor of LaRue and Robertson makes a strong claim for it. Walker is well known in the county, and married a daughter of one of the best families of the neighbor question about even. I take it that Hobbs will be the battle-ground."

"Who is Walker?"

"He is a lawyer at Hartford and stands well. He was commended by the people of his county and strongly supported by his home paper a few years ago for the Governorship."

"And Robertson?"

"He is the Commonwealth's Attorney of the Eighteenth District, is a man of fair ability, fine social qualities, a good mixer and very popular."

"When will the convention be held?"

"The primary elections will be held on the first Saturday in September, and the District Convention will be held at Elizabethtown on the 15th of that month."

"Who does your district favor for Governor?"

"Prof. W. P. Knott, of course, he lives in the suburbs of Lebanon, and will run well, just paste it in your hat that he'll run neck and neck with the best of them."—*Courier-Journal.*

Death of Judge Gray.

The hearts of our people are sad and heavy—made so by the sudden and untimely death of Hon. Samuel Gray, Judge of the Nelson county Court. He was in the midst of the Congressional canvass, a leading candidate for the position of Representative, and confident of success. He made the ablest and most brilliant display of his life in Springfield last Monday, when won the praise of all who heard him. On the morning of that bright day he left his family with pleasant words and a heart full of hope; at midnight his manly countenance was radiant with expression, and hundreds were charmed with his eloquence, but ere the sun went down, the shadow of death swept over his noble brow and his affectionate heart and eloquent tongue were stilled for ever.



WEDNESDAY, AUGUST 2, 1882.

## OUR AGENTS.

The following persons are authorized to receive subscriptions and renewals, advertising in the HERALD, orders for job work, etc., etc.:

WILL COOPER, Cincinnati.  
EDGAR RILEY, Livermore.  
DAVID ROGERS, Buford.  
JNO. T. SMITH, Jr., Fordville.  
JAS. E. SUTTON, Magna.  
J. P. BENNETT, Ceralvo.  
J. E. BEAN, Sulphur Springs.  
DIL G. R. SANDERS, Centertown.  
WILLIE MAY, Hannesville.  
T. C. FLOYD, Whitesville.  
JOHN JACKSON, Rockport, Ky.  
V. B. RAINS, Rosine.  
O. H. WILLIAMS, Beaver Dam.  
E. RILEY, Livermore.  
W. A. GIBSON, Caneyville.

## ANNOUNCEMENTS.

## For Congress.

We are authorized to announce Hon. THOS. A. ROBERTSON, of Laine county, as a candidate for Congress in the Fourth Congressional District, subject to the action of the Democratic party.

JUDGE SAMUEL GRAY of Nelson county, authorizes us to announce that he is a candidate for Congress in the fourth district subject to the action of the Democratic party.

HON. E. D. WALKER, of Ohio county, authorizes us to announce that he is a candidate for Congress in the Fourth Congressional District, subject to the action of the Democratic party.

MR. C. W. WESTBROOK authorizes us to announce that he is a candidate for Judge of Ohio county on the Republican ticket. Election August 7th, 1882.

## For Assessor.

THOMAS R. BISHOP, of Centertown, authorizes us to announce that he is a candidate for the office of Assessor of Ohio county. Election August 7th, 1882.

## For County Clerk.

L. T. COX, of Rosine, is a candidate for Clerk of the Ohio County Court, subject to the will of the people at the polls. Election, August 7th, 1882.

## For County Attorney.

C. M. PENDLETON is a candidate for County Attorney at the August election, 1882.

## For Constable.

We are authorized to announce that DAVID W. WAKELAND is a Democratic candidate for Constable in the Centertown Magisterial precinct composed of the voting precincts of Centertown, Rockport and Cool Springs. Election August 7th, 1882.

## For Magistrate.

ESQ. A. B. BENNETT, authorizes us to announce him as a candidate for re-election as Magistrate in the Hartford Magisterial District. Election August 7th, 1882.

WILLIAM I. ROWE authorizes us to announce that he is a candidate for Magistrate in the Rockport district. Election, August 7, 1882. 30-27.

## PERSONAL.

Col. Ion B. Nall, editor of the Farmer's Home Journal, is visiting in Hartford.

Mr. R. J. Morris was called to Elizabethtown last Friday to attend his sick mother.

Rev. J. S. McDaniel and wife and son Crommie, left yesterday for their home in Hart county. We regret that their stay with us was not longer.

Mr. Godfrey McHenry went to Owensboro yesterday morning. No one can say he's alone, and the same we think may be said of some else before long if there is any thing in the signs of the times.

Misses Annie and Elsie Taylor, the charming little daughters of Dr. J. H. Taylor of Owensboro, are visiting Misses Gene and Jessie Moseley of this place, for a few days. They are spending the summer at the Sulphur Springs.

Mr. and Mrs. J. E. Fogle and children have just returned from a visit of several weeks to Mr. Fogle's father and friends in Marion and Casey counties. Their stay in that region was a pleasant one, and their return was a welcome one.

Miss Mary Humphrey, who has been visiting Mrs. R. P. Rowe for several weeks, left Saturday for her home at Island Station. Miss Humphrey made many friends while here, and they are anxious for her to repeat the visit that brought much pleasure to them.

Misses Mary Humphrey, of Island Station, and Clara Patterson, of Centertown, accompanied by Mrs. Lilla Rowe and Mr. W. T. Bains, of this place, visited this office one day last week. The visit was a bright spot in a week of hard work.

Misses Florence Daniel, of Cronwell, and Jessie Paxton and Ada Baird, of this place, three charming rosebuds of womanhood, visited this office last Friday. Such visits are always welcomed by the inmates of this den and our only regret is that they are so few and far between.

Misses Maggie King and Nannie Alexander returned Friday from a visit of several weeks to friends in Owensboro. The young ladies have been greatly missed during their absence, and all are glad that they have come back. Their stay in Owensboro was replete with pleasure throughout.

Miss Emma Stone, of Madisonville, who has been visiting Mrs. Sallie Hardwick, of this place, for several weeks, left yesterday for Owensboro, where she is visiting friends. Miss Stone's annual visits to Hartford are well-spring of joy to her friends here, and are longingly looked forward to. May she return "When the roses come again."

Mr. W. J. Jones, of Horton, was in town yesterday.

Mr. Hallett Harding, of Paris, Tenn., is visiting the family of Hon. E. Dudley Walker of this place.

Miss Nannie Alexander arrived in town Friday evening and left Saturday morning for Centertown to visit her mother and grandmother, who are both ill at that place.

Dr. J. M. Berry, of Litchfield, was in town a few days since. We regret to learn that he is going to leave Litchfield and Ky. for the West. Our best wishes and fondest hopes of his success will attend him on his leave.

Mrs. Maggie Moseley Coffman reached home by Saturday's train from Cincinnati, Ohio where she has been since June 10th visiting Miss Lizzie J. Box. She reports a most pleasant visit, and is greatly improved in health. We, in common with her many other friends, most cordially welcome her home.

—Arthusia?—

—New fall style prints at Anderson's Bazaar.

—Thomas & Kimbley keep Richey's pills.

—Thomas Bro.'s consolation is the best cigar in town. Smoke it.

—Bargains in Stevens' shoes next week at Anderson's Bazaar.

—Thomas Bro.'s have a new sign of their warehouse where their Fish Bro.'s wagons are kept.

—That notable Hartford wedding is still palpitating and throbbing and gasping for consummation. Louisville Democrat.

—A nice lot of Cates jeans just received at Anderson's Bazaar. It is astonishing what a quantity of these popular goods are used in this county.

—In Ayer's Aque Cure we have a positive remedy for fever and ague and all malarial disorders, and one entirely free from quinine, arsenic, or other injurious drugs. It is the chemical and medicinal triumph of the age.

—A large number of our citizens turned out to the barbecue at the White Sulphur Springs. All report a pleasant time until the rain unfortunately intervened, and put a quietus upon the gayeties. We regret that we were unable to attend.

—Several interesting communications, notable one from "A Subscriber" on the Henry question are crowded out on account of the crowded condition of our columns. We hope our friends will take no exception as it is impossible to avoid it this time.

—Mr. Richard Crowley, of Salem, Mass., says: "I can, from personal experience, recommend Brown's Iron Bitters as being a permanent cure for indigestion, dyspepsia, sick stomach, painful urination, etc. It really strengthens the whole general system. Its effect is most wonderful."

—Many complaints are being made of the exorbitant freight charges of the C. O. & S. W. R. R. Our merchants resolve if something is not done for their relief, to have their freight shipped via Ceralvo or Owensboro. Freight on the C. O. & S. W. Ranges from 43 cents to \$1.80 per hundred.

—The children of the two Sunday schools went to the woods last Thursday to spend the day in rambling and other sylvan pleasures. All enjoyed themselves to the utmost extent, until the rain came up and forced them to hurry home. They should try again for a fair day.

—Our traveling correspondent writes: One of the curiosities of Grayson county is a boy thirteen years old, who has not the sign of a hair on his head. He had a fine suit at birth, but his mother in attempting to comb his head when he was only three days old, scraped him so successfully that the hair all slipped off and never grew out again, and he is now as bald as a snapping turtle.

—We are persuaded that the ancient Hermes with all the subtle art and natural resources of the Alchemists, was a very poor doctor compared with Mrs. Lydia E. Pinkham, of Lynn, Mass. Hermes may have been after all only a clever practitioner of the Black Art; but we know there is no humbug in the pharmaceutical chemistry of Mrs. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound.

—On Monday night of last week Mr. Ed. Johnson, of McLean county, was coming home from Livermore, he was attacked by four men who demanded whiskey. He did not have any and one of them attacked him with a club. He gained possession of the club after a struggle, and began to lay about him when the mercenaries fled. They did not attempt to use any weapons but the club.

—Four young men, John Leach, Willie Hocker and Emmet and John Taylor passed through town yesterday en route for Texas. They had four horses, a wagon, dogs, guns, camping outfit, and, propose to make the journey over land, camping out all the way. They go via St. Louis and North of Arkansas, which is a long way out of the direction. They are going to see the country and that makes little difference we suppose. We have heard some old men who have tried it say that the boys will see some country and something else before they get to Texas. Our best wishes are with them.

—Col. McCrackin, an uncle of Capt. Stephen Woodward was in town Monday. He has just arrived from Texas, where he has been for forty-nine years, never having seen his Kentucky home in that time. He was a colonel in the Texas war of 1836, and was one of the officers who surprised Santa Anna in his bedroom at his capture. He was under arms eight years, three of which were spent in a company of minute men, who slept with their pistols tucked on their hips in hand. He can tell many stories of his long life in the west, and of the great changes that have taken place there. Kentucky, he has changed a little in that time. He is 82 years old but does not look to be 60.

—Some nice home-made carpets for sale at Anderson's Bazaar.

—Where is the Republican that will vote for Clay Kennedy?

—Now is your time to buy your supply of jeans for the winter—Anderson's Bazaar has it in great bargains.

—Fish Bro.'s wagon is the best in the world. Thomas Bro.'s keep it. Call and see it when you come to the election.

—Having used T. E. Richey's pills I endorse them as a sure cure, mild and pleasant.

A. M. ALISHROOK, M. D.

## —Anderson's Bazaar wants a thousand pounds of Ginseng.

—Those subscriptions to the Baptist church which were due in July, and those which are due this month, should be paid to S. W. Anderson, as the committee are now ready to use the funds.

—Rev. J. H. Spurlin, Lamasco, Ky., writes: That calls have begun and people are calling for T. E. Richey's pills on every side, as they find them the best remedy they can get.

—Mrs. T. Larkin Griffin writes from White Sulphur Springs, West Virginia, that her health is slowly but steadily improving. Her large circle of friends rejoice with her and anxiously hope that she may return in full health.

—Married, at the residence of Mrs. M. H. Thomas, Tuesday August 2, 1882, Mr. T. W. Wright and Miss Eliza Thomas, all of this county.

—Our friend has won this latest fight. And kept in full his heart's fond promise, enabling her to write "Wright."

—Patience and fortitude are admirable, but it is ignoble to suffer the pangs of rheumatism, lame back, sprains, bruises, etc., when Cossens' Lightning Liniment will afford relief, enabling the sufferer to resume his avocation in the daily walks of life. Regular price 50 cents, sample bottle 25 cents.

—The delicate, emaciated and infirm find perfect health, sure strength and youthful buoyancy in Brown's Iron Bitters.

—Hayti came into town Saturday evening and got drunk and went back home. That is quite a usual thing. They frequently do so. But they got drunker Saturday night than common and raised more Cain than usual. All Hayti was out with clubs, razors, knives and pistols, but no blood was shed that we know of. The average African citizen is a daisy.

—Owing to the rain Sunday there were more people in town Monday than usual, even on a county court day. There were no public proceedings of any kind to draw a crowd and we suppose the only inducement was the near approach of the election. Certain it is they all became very much interested in politics from the avidity with which they joined in the discussions going on at every place where a knot of men could gather.

—Last Friday afternoon a horse attached to a buggy, became unmanageable near Mr. Wayne Griffin's residence and began kicking as he ascended the hill. Becoming frightened he started on a full run, and turning down by Mr. Tracy's and up by Mrs. Jarboe's, came dashing into town with the broken buggy still fastened to him, when he was stopped by Dora Sullenger. The occupants of the buggy, two young ladies and a young gentleman, were thrown out but were not seriously hurt, the young ladies getting their faces scratched and bruised somewhat, and the young man his leg hurt slightly.

—The festive youths were abroad again Saturday night, and the playful bomb got in its little work, making everything, even to our usually imperturbable town Marshal quake as with fear and trembling. It was about nine o'clock. The Marshal is usually vigilant about that hour. He is on his way home, if he is not in bed an hour earlier. He does not like to disturb the boys. He was a boy once himself. He gets with the boys once in a while yet. As aforesaid he was going home. The bomb exploded with a terrific noise. Mark the terrific. The Marshal marked it in the dusty street with his feet. The marks were about four feet two inches apart. Don't say he was running. Nor yet frightened. He never does either. He was only far-fetched walking. Far-fetched means brought from a long distance. That applies to his walk because his last foot was always brought from a long distance behind him. He lost no time in bringing it if the distance was great. A citizen met him. Any citizen might have done that. And without danger to himself. If he had been over in the garden where the Marshal would not have run against him. He advised the Marshal to look into the matter. The Marshal thought it too dark. The Marshal has a commendable fear of darkness. Dark deeds and dark nights are his special dislikes. If a man does a dark deed, the Marshal does not want to have anything to do with him. This is right. Tray was beaten because he was found in bad company. Men who do dark deeds are bad company. One would think so from the way the Marshal avoids them. He came up the street and asked a fellow who put his head out the window if any banks had been broken open. Hartford hasn't got a bank. The Marshal knew it. She banks on her Marshal. But she sometimes gets left. The Marshal ought not to leave her. She gets lonely when the festive youths are out, and longs for his company. He lets her long. Better a lonesome town than a lonesome wife. He found that no safe was blown open. "The town is safe," he said, as he resumed his far-fetched walk. A blue streak was all that was left of him. He went home and went to bed. And to sleep. He dreamed of land where there are no festive youths. And where the Marshal's office is a fat one. And nothing to do. The festive youths went home. But not till late. They will be out again Saturday night. The Marshal will be in bed by dark. He is afraid of the dark.

—What remedy is leading the sale of all other remedies?

Ans.—Brown's Iron Bitters. What medicine is proving itself to be of miraculous merit in restoring lost health, strength and vigor?

Ans.—Brown's Iron Bitters.

Tutt's Pills a Sugar Plaster.

Tutt's Pills are now covered with a vanilla sugar coating, making them pleasant to swallow as a little sugar plume, and rendering them agreeable to the most delicate stomach.

They cure sick headache and bilious colic.

They give appetite and flesh to the body.

They cure dyspepsia and nourish the system.

They cure fever and ague, costiveness, etc.

Sold everywhere. 25 cents a box.

And Still Another Candidate.

On Saturday, at a barbecue held near town, Clay Kennedy, a gentleman of color, from Hart county, announced himself as a candidate for town marshal. We suppose he will receive the hearty and enthusiastic vote of the white Republicans and of those Greenbackers who endorse the sell-out, attempted to be effected by the machinists. We understand that Mr. Warden, the present deputy marshal, and a good Democrat, who was a candidate, has withdrawn. Democrats stand firm and vote the full ticket without scratching.

We have, since writing the above, heard that the bosses have been, attempting Kennedy to withdraw, but he declares that he will not do so. The bosses are desperate. Nothing that they turn their hands to seems to work. We are sorry for them—after a fashion.

Davies County Association.

This body will hold its next annual Session with Walnut Street Baptist church in the city of Owensboro beginning August 15th, 1882. The annual sermon will be delivered at 10 o'clock, on the morning of the first day by Rev. B. F. Swindler. Most ample arrangements will be made for the entertainment of all delegates, corresponding messengers, and visitors.

The O. & N. Railroad will pass all

persons coming to this meeting, at one and one-half fare for the round trip. Tickets good to return on until Friday, August 18th. Tickets will be found on sale at all stations, and also by the conductors on the train from Monday morning August 14th until the last day.

The Louisville and Henderson Packet Company, and the Dora Cady, will pass all persons coming to this meeting at two-thirds fare for the round trip. Tickets good to return on at any time.

The committee on reception will be in session at the church at all times after 12 o'clock Monday, August 14th, where all persons desiring homes during the meeting will be assigned to their places.

Let all who can conveniently do so, come by public conveyance, nevertheless, ample provision has been made for the horses of all those who prefer to come by private conveyance.

J. S. COLEMAN, Pastor.

Valueable Land For Sale.

I wish to sell all my land, as I am unable to properly attend to it and cultivate profitably. One tract of 2900 acres—about one half of it in Ohio county and the other in Grayson county, the tract being divided by Rough creek which is the county line between these counties at that place. Something near half of this tract is cleared land, the balance in timber. There are a number of good farm houses on it, besides other out-houses, orchards, etc., and plenty of never failing water. The tract includes my residence and lies about 4 miles below Hon. Lefe Green's mills at Falls of Rough creek, and 12 miles from the C. O. & S. W. R. R.

The other tract lies on said creek several miles below at the crossing of said creek by the road from Hartford to Hardinsburg contains 500 acres, improvements good. These lands can be divided so as to make 17 farms and each have cleared and timbered land. There are two fine water powers on Rough creek on the land, by which any reasonable amount of machinery could be set in motion with almost enough water and seldom too much to run the farm around.

Persons wishing to examine this property will call on me on the land, and I will take pleasure in showing it to them. Those who may wish a more full description of the lands or the price and terms, can write to my agent Judge A. B. Baird, Hartford, Ky. These lands would afford a fine site for a colony, by utilizing the water power the products of the land could easily be manufactured for market.

ED. DAVIDSON.

Obituary.

Died, in Hopkinsville, Ky., Wednesday, July 26th, 1882, P. White, Edson, son of Mrs. Lucy H. Edson of this place. With feelings of peculiar sadness we do attempt to pay this last tribute to our friend; for such he was and none had the capability of being a truer friend. He was noble, generous and kind, loved by his friends, respected by his enemies, if any could be found who would name themselves such, and idolized by his mother, to whom his devotion was such as is seldom exhibited by the youth of the present time. It was this very devotion, which, absorbing his whole being, resulted in the terrible misfortune which befell him. Solicitude for her in the many trials which have so recently fallen to her lot caused the deterioration of the reason of which his friends had such high hopes, and caused his death in the asylum for the insane at Hopkinsville. His death and its attendant circumstances were a great blow to his friends, but shall we ask what must have been to the mother? Ye only who have given a mother's love such as hers can ever know. To the heart already broken with grief, such a load must fall with ten-fold heaviness, and who can know the weight? Sorrow is the portion of us all and binds humanity closer than night else. But why a tale, the making of which is so cruel? Sympathy is sometimes purchased at a dreadful cost, but it is a sweet flower to the aching heart and has power to reconcile many of us to the crosses of life. Such sympathy has the bereaved mother in the present trial. Universally beloved, it could not be otherwise.

The remains were brought to Hartford and interred Thursday in the cemetery at this place.

ANOTHER CARD.

To the Republican Voters of Ohio County.

FELLOW REPUBLICANS:—As a report is being circulated far and near that I have withdrawn from the race for jailer, I deem it necessary to inform you that I am still on the track, and propose to remain there until the close of the polls on Monday next. True, I have been approached by the party bosses for the purpose of inducing me to withdraw but I have not and shall not do so. I condemn the sell out that is to give the Republican party over to Mr. Bean and condemn the men that made it, and to get me off. I ask you Republicans men who have twenty-two years of political honor, and glory at stake if you will stand to be sold like slaves? Will you endorse the corruption that will destroy our party in this county? I hope not, and hoping as I do I ask you to favor me with your vote and your influence at the August election.

As regards the report that I was brought out by either party, I will say it is a falsehood blacker than the soot of ages collected in the smoke stacks of hell. My only aim in running was to redeem the party from the disgraceful treatment it was receiving at the hands of its bosses in the recent sell out of the office for which I am a candidate, supplemented by a laudable desire for the emoluments of the office. I am a poor man and need the office, but I do not ask your votes because I am poor, but because I am a Republican and because I desire your aid in crushing out the

bosses who have sold us like dogs. I have faith that the Republican party of Ohio county is not dead to principle, and therefore I ask your suffrage. Should you honor me with your votes I shall be thankful, and if I should be elected, I promise to make a faithful and efficient officer.

C. W. WESTBROOK, HARTFORD, KY., AUGUST 1st, 1882.

Letter List.

A list of letters remaining in the Post Office at Hartford, Ky., August 2d, 1882, which if not called for in thirty days will be sent to the dead letter office:

Austin, C. E. Lake, Jas. W. Allen, D. W. Brown, J. F. Brown, Florence Stoffer, John Burritt, West (Cal) Smith, Miss Vitula Harris, B. F. Taylor, Marshall W. Lee, Miss N. V. Wharton, Rev. J. W. R. P. Rowe, P. M.

Bright's Liver, Diabetic, Kidney, Liver, or Urinary Diseases.

Have no fear of any of these diseases if you use Hop Bitters, as they will prevent and cure the worst cases, even when you have been made worse by some great puffed up and pretended cure.

A Card.

At several speaking in the race for County Attorney, I have charged upon my opponent Mr. H. B. Kinsolving, that he was a Republican until the 31st of May 1880, at which time he declared himself a Democrat in a public speech familiarly known as the "Walker Kitchen Speech." I charged that the solution of this "turn over" was, that it was too sudden and too mysterious to be natural. That he was raised under Republican parentage—on a Republican pension—had helped edit a Republican newspaper, the Ohio County News.

Had repeatedly expressed himself as an extreme Republican, the last expression recollecting being only two days before the aforesaid speech. That there had been no political occurrence to change him, and he had never explained the situation. I also read the certificate of a young gentleman to whom he had confidently conceded he was acting from policy. Mr. Kinsolving now explains this by denying the statements in toto, and says that those who signed them did it for political purposes, and from impure motives. This may explain to those who are not acquainted with the persons who signed them, but those who know Mr. Gilmore, the Messrs. Rowe, Judge Lawton and Mr. Bird Whittinghill will, I believe, demand more than a denial.

I have read these certificates at several speaking, and there can be no just complaint of the lateness of the publication. I publish them at the solicitation of many voters.

"I was at Fordville something like two years ago. H. B. Kinsolving and C. M. Pendleton were there practicing law. During the evening we held a conversation of National politics. I know that H. B. Kinsolving at that time defended the Republican party, as well as I understand politics. I refused to vote for him in the Primary Election on that account. I am a Democrat, am 40 years of age and live near Fordville. J. P. GILMORE."

"H. B. Kinsolving, judging from his conversation, was a Republican two years ago or thereabout. I was present at the speaking in which he made his speech and I heard him say that he was a Republican, though I could not state positively he ever said in my presence the exact words, 'I am a Republican.' He talked to me freely and I talked to him the same way, thinking from his conversation there was not a better Republican in Hartford than Kinsolving. I had a talk with him on politics two or three days before the aforesaid speech. He then left the impression on my mind that he was a Republican, and I was very much surprised at his speech and the announcement of Walker that he was one of his kittens."

"H. B. Kinsolving told me in March 1880, he didn't like the idea of his party nominating Grant."

A. B. WHITTINGHILL.

"H. B. Kinsolving said to me, probably the day after he made his first Democratic speech, in answer to my inquiry as to why he had made a Democratic speech, that a Republican party stood on their knees in Kentucky. He said this seriously."

J. A. ROWE.

Remember This.

If you are sick Hop Bitters will surely aid Nature in making you well when all else fails.

If you are costive or dyspeptic, or are suffering from any other of the numerous diseases of the stomach or bowels, it is your own fault if you remain ill, for Hop Bitters is a sovereign remedy in all such complaints.

If you are wasting away with any form of Kidney disease, stop tempting Death this moment, and turn for a cure to Hop Bitters.

If you are sick with that terrible disease Nervousness, you will find a "Balm in Gilead" in the use of Hop Bitters.

If you are a frequenter, or a resident of a miasmatic district, barricade your system against the scourge of all continents—malaria, epidemic, biliousness, and intermittent fevers—by the use of Hop Bitters.

If you have rough, pimply, or sallow skin, bad breath, pains and aches, and feel miserable generally, Hop Bitters will give you fair skin, rich blood, and sweetest breath, health, and comfort.

In short they cure all diseases of the stomach, bowels, blood, liver, nerves, kidneys, Bright's Disease. \$500 will be paid for a case they will not cure or help.

That poor, bedridden, invalid wife, sister, mother, or daughter, can be made the picture of health, by a few bottles of Hop Bitters, costing but a trifle. Will you let them suffer?

21-4

Gray mare, three years old, has had many, and has white speckles which show on withers. Reward for return or information. JOHN C. WESTERFIELD, Pleasant Ridge, Ky.

Auction! Auction!

As assignee of Mrs. Lucy Edson, I will offer for sale on Monday, August 7th, 1882, her entire stock of groceries, furniture, etc., by public auction. This is a rare chance to secure bargains. The goods must be sold.

Z. WAYNE GRIFFIN.

At Last.

Two licenses were issued by the County Clerk this week for the first during the month of July. The following are the names of the parties:

S. S. Acton and Ida Wedding. Thomas W. Wright and Eliza Thomas.

Strayed.

Gray mare, three years old, has had many, and has white speckles which show on withers. Reward for return or information. JOHN C. WESTERFIELD, Pleasant Ridge, Ky.

Auction! Auction!

As assignee of Mrs. Lucy Edson, I will offer for sale on Monday, August 7th, 1882, her entire stock of groceries, furniture, etc., by public auction. This is a rare chance to secure bargains. The goods must be sold.

Z. WAYNE GRIFFIN.

At Last.

Two licenses were issued by the County Clerk this week for the first during the month of July. The following are the names of the parties:

S. S. Acton and Ida Wedding. Thomas W. Wright and Eliza Thomas.

Strayed.

Gray mare, three years old, has had many, and has white speckles which show on withers. Reward for return or information. JOHN C. WESTERFIELD, Pleasant Ridge, Ky.

Auction! Auction!

As assignee of Mrs. Lucy Edson, I will offer for sale on Monday, August 7th, 1882, her entire stock of groceries, furniture, etc., by public auction. This is a rare chance to secure bargains. The goods must be sold.

Z. WAYNE GRIFFIN.

At Last.

Two licenses were issued by the County Clerk this week for the first during the month of July. The following are the names of the parties:

S. S. Acton and Ida Wedding. Thomas W. Wright and Eliza Thomas.

Strayed.

Gray mare, three years old, has had many, and has white speckles which show on withers. Reward for return or information. JOHN C. WESTERFIELD, Pleasant Ridge, Ky.

Auction! Auction!

As assignee of Mrs. Lucy Edson, I will offer for sale on Monday, August 7th, 1882, her entire stock of groceries, furniture, etc., by public auction. This is a rare chance to secure bargains. The goods must be sold.



